Shedd
Bios
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MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR

TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

William A. Shedd

The Moses of the Assyrians

1865 - 1918

SOURCE BOOK

"THE MEASURE OF A MAN"

By MARY LEWIS SHEDD

MISSIONARY RESEARCH LIBRARY NEW YORK CITY

Program prepared by
FLOYD L. CARR

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Course No. 3

WILLIAM A. SHEDD

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Program based upon "The Measure of a Man"
by Mary Lewis Shedd

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One, Two and Three are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the boys to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the thirty-five other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One, Two and Three, listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based may be loaned through public libraries or purchased from the American Baptist Publication Society and other book-selling agencies.

Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy or $1.50 for each set of twelve.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i. e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, etc.—they were especially prepared for the *Royal Ambassadors,* a world outlook organization for 'teen age boys originating in the southland and since adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist boys by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

William A. Hill.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: Matthew 14:13-21, Verse 16: "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." For four years William A. Shedd supervised the feeding of thousands of refugees at Urumia and in the vicinity. At one time the number cared for reached fifteen thousand, necessitating the distribution of six tons of bread daily. Securing the funds and the food called for faith and courage. (See "The Measure of a Man" by Mary Lewis Shedd, pages 174-175, reprinted in the selection numbered twelve in this program.)

2. Prayer.

3. Hymn: "The King of Love My Shepherd Is." William A. Shedd ever found his inspiration and strength for the shepherding of the Syrian people in the Good Shepherd and like Him was ready to lay down his life for the sheep. (See the story of the flight of the refugees and the passing of this leader and defender in the above book, pages 255-271, reprinted in part in the selection numbered thirteen in this program. Also note the verse quoted in the Introduction, page 11.)

4. Introduction to the Life Story* (based upon the brief sketch in this booklet.)

5. His Parentage and Birth. (Pages 28-29, 37 of "The Measure of a Man," by Mary Lewis Shedd.)

6. Dedication to Missionary Work. (Pages 52-53.)

7. Serving as a Judge of the Legal Board. (Pages 73, 74-75, 78-79, 91-92.)

8. Opening a School for Moslem Boys. (Pages 94-95, 96, 100-101.)

9. Sheltering Christian Refugees. (Pages 141-142, 144,146, 152.)

10. Protected by the Stars and Stripes. (Pages 155-157.)

11. Delivering Christian Girls. (Pages 165-166, 167-168.)

12. Feeding the Multitudes. (Pages 174-175.)

13. Shepherding the People in their Flight. (Pages 255, 258-259, 266-267.)

14. His Death from Cholera. (Pages 268-270.)

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*The leader should master the brief summary given in this booklet and read the life entitled, "The Measure of a Man" by Mary Lewis Shedd. A very readable, short sketch will be found in "The Book of Missionary Heroes" by Basil Mathews.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM A. SHEDD

William Ambrose Shedd, one day to be known as "The Moses of the Assyrians," was born on January 24, 1865 at Seir, near Urumia, Persia. His parents were missionaries to the Nestorians (Syrians) and gave their lives to founding the Evangelical Syrian Church in northwestern Persia.

When he was a lad of five, the ill-health of his mother compelled the family to return to America for eight years. His father accepted a position in North Carolina, teaching the freedmen at Biddle Institute. When in 1878 they returned to Persia, William and his brother were left with the grandmother for their schooling at Marietta, Ohio. He entered Marietta College at the age of fifteen, but, because of ill health, he returned to Persia at the close of his Sophomore year. Three years later he resumed his studies at Marietta College, graduating in 1887.

He had not yet determined upon his life-work, but a furlough for his father and mother had been long overdue and he again returned to Persia to relieve them. In 1889 he entered Princeton Seminary to equip himself for some phase of spiritual leadership. At the Seminary he became an outstanding leader, being endowed with a brilliant mind and a winning personality. By the time of his graduation he had decided to give his life to the winning of Moslems. He wrote his mother saying: "My prayer is that God will prepare and use me in converting the Mohammedan world in the way and place He sees fit."

In 1892 he returned to Urumia, joining the mission staff as its Treasurer, and in many ways easing the administrative burden resting upon his father. His familiarity with the language and customs of the people enhanced his usefulness. In 1894 he married Miss Adela L. Myers, to whom he had become engaged in America. Three years after his arrival, his father died and his responsibilities steadily increased.

Owing to long-continued oppression by their Moslem conquerors, the Syrians had beome inert, ignorant, deceitful and drunken. Held to an inferior position in the community and lacking a legal standing in the Persian courts, their position was far from enviable. William Shedd was sympathetic with their problems but was also fearlessly frank in dealing with their shortcomings.

In 1901 his wife died, leaving two daughters, one six years of age and the other, three. After spending ten years in continuous service and faced with the problem of caring for his children, he returned to America in 1902. He was widely in demand for addresses and courses of lectures and the year passed quickly. In the spring of 1903, just before returning to Numia, he was married at Riverside, California, to Louise Wilbur, formerly the principal of Fiske Seminary, Persia.

The death in 1905 of Dr. J. P. Cochran, long associated with his father in leadership at Urumia, resulted in his appointment as the executive head of the Mission. He was made the Chairman of the Legal Board of the Evangelical Church, and presided as a judge in all cases affecting the Syrian Christians. He became Principal of Urumia College, teaching the courses in Theology. He superintended the evangelistic work and was desirous of devoting all his time as a witness to the Moslems. He also opened a school for Moslem boys, known as "The American School," which enrolled more than two hundred boys. He realized fully the strategic value of the school and revealed his earnest purpose in the words: "If I could only see my boys going out of here with something of the warrior spirit."

The strain of his manifold service told upon his health and in 1909 he was threatened with tuberculosis. Under doctor's orders he gave up his work and spent two years in Switzerland and America. As soon as the doctors would permit it, he returned to Persia and resumed his far-reaching work.

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 disrupted all missionary work in the Near East. Urumia was no exception, and, in fact, became one of the pawns on the chess-board. At the outset Russia was in control of that area but when the Russian troops were temporarily withdrawn, early in 1915, the Turkish forces took possession for five months. In May one thousand Russian soldiers recaptured the city. But with the Revolution in Russia in 1917, the Turks and Kurds were once more in control.

During these kaleidoscopic changes William Shedd stood as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Trusted by both the Turks and the Persians, appointed Honorary Vice-Consul by the American government, he became a stabilizing influence in the midst of the chaotic conditions. Faced with the task of providing shelter and food for thousands of refugees, he manifested administrative ability of the first order. Knowing the rivalries and animosities of the warring forces, he maintained a judicial poise that spelled power. By his courage and resourcefulness he saved the refugees from being completely exterminated. While the Chris-

tians were plundered and despoiled only about a thousand were massacred. At the peak of his relief work some fifteen thousand were dependent upon his help. Six tons of bread were consumed daily. The care of the sick and the burial of the dead, 4,000 dying of disease, were no small tasks. It seemed as though William Shedd was everywhere, doing everything, organizing the defense, strengthening the fortifications, caring for the sick and wounded.

Not long after the outbreak of the World War, William Shedd was again bereaved by the death of his second wife. Stricken with fever, she passed away on May 17, 1915. Two years later he married Miss Mary E. Lewis, who for several years had been associated with him in the work at Urumia. Mary Lewis Shedd became his efficient helper and later, his biographer.

Early in 1918 the situation became desperate. The Russians had retired and the Turks and Kurds were threatening the city from the west. The only hope, as the supply of food and ammunition diminished, was from the south where the British were advancing from Mesopotamia. On July 31, 1918, a mad panic seized the refugees in Urumia and the flight toward Mesopotamia began. Over fifty thousand people fled in a panic. Organizing a rear guard as best he could, he sought to hold off the Turks and Kurds, who snarled like wolves at the heels of the retreating Christians. Help came on the sixth day through the arrival of a detachment of British cavalry.

His resistance, reduced through the years of stress, and his forces at low ebb, after those days and nights of anxiety and anguish, he fell an easy victim before cholera. In a cart, by the wayside near Sain Kala, he "who never turned his back but marched breast forward," he who was a true Shepherd to the Syrian people, laid down his burdens on August 7, 1918, worthy, if any, of the "well done."

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM A. SHEDD

Reprinted from "The Measure of a Man"
by Mary Lewis Shedd

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His Parentage and Birth. (Pages 28-29, 37.)

John Haskell Shedd and Sarah Jane Dawes were married July 28, 1859, and shortly afterwards sailed for Persia under appointment by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Nestorian Mission at Urumia. This Mission station, where their son William was born six years later, is in the northwest corner of Persia close to the border of Turkey. It is a land where time is counted in millenniums, on the borders of ancient Assyria, Media, and Armenia, while to the north is Mount Ararat, where Turkey, Persia, and Russia meet. Urumia is the traditional birthplace of Zoroaster, and many great ash hills mark the points where for centuries were kept burning the altar fires of the Parsees, or fireworshipers. The plain, over which are scattered several hundred villages, is about fifty miles long and stretches westward to the towering mountains of Kurdistan, varying from five to twenty-five miles in width. Urumia Lake on the east is a great inland salt sea nearly a hundred miles in length and from forty- to fifty miles at its greatest width. . . .

Later they moved back to Urumia and it was in this remote corner of the ancient world with its Oriental character, thought, and life little changed since the days of Abraham, in the little mountain village of Seir, overlooking the Urumia plain, that William Ambrose Shedd was born January 24, 1865.

Dedication to Missionary Work. (Pages 52-53.)

"My ambition is to become a competent Orientalist along some line and add some light to the rays that come from the East, and to do it so as to help the missionary work. I feel that I should like to register a vow to devote my life to Mohammedan work, not to the exclusion of other work. It seems to me that it is the hardest missionary problem and one in which there are the fewest

ready and competent to engage. More than any other work, it requires special preparation. My prayer is that God will prepare and use me in converting the Mohammedan world in the way and place He sees fit."

While in the Seminary, Mr. Shedd spent one summer in Sunday school work in South Dakota. Another summer was spent in preaching at Marion, Ohio, with so much satisfaction that he felt that if anything should prevent his becoming a missionary, he would like to devote his life to just such a church as that.

During his last year at Princeton, he worked on his thesis for the Hebrew Fellowship, which was awarded him and which carried with it opportunity to study abroad. The demand for his immediate return to Persia, however, was so strong that he felt that he must relinquish the much-prized opportunity for study and accept the call. He asked that he be allowed to postpone the use of the Fellowship for two years, but he was never able to avail himself of its benefits and resigned it in favor of a classmate. "There is a certain relief in going out to Persia this year," he wrote his mother, "and still it is a pretty hard struggle, and it is not all over yet. Of course it can't be helped; a man can't oppose his personal predilections to his duty, but I never knew before just how hard it is."

He was ordained at Marietta in the summer of 1892 shortly after his graduation from Princeton, and a few weeks later sailed for Persia, a full-fledged missionary.

Serving as a Judge of the Legal Board. (Pages 73, 74-75, 78-79, 91-92.)

Cases in which Moslems were a party must of necessity be settled in the Persian courts, but the need of a court where litigation between Christians could be settled was an urgent need. The cases most common were disagreements in accounts, settlements of estates, a few divorce cases, personal and family quarrels. Such matters could often be adjusted by a patient hearing and authoritative advice but if allowed to get into the Persian courts were seized as an opportunity for exacting bribes, causing endless trouble, and bringing dishonor upon the Christian Church.

The Legal Board of the Evangelical Church was organized for the purpose of settling such cases between Christians and so preventing them getting into the Moslem courts. . . .

The fundamental reason for this remarkable state of things," wrote Mr. Shedd, "is that Eastern jurisprudence in general and Moslem jurisprudence in particular regard Law as a religious in-

stitution, and so accept as binding, within the bounds of each religious community, the peculiar laws of that community. Divorce and inheritance are generally regarded as subjects especially amenable to religious law. So we had here to constitute a Church Court. The appeal in any case where coercion must be used is necessarily to the Civil Court." . . .

To none of his associates did the death of Dr. Cochran mean more than to Mr. Shedd, for in the division of Dr. Cochran's work, the responsibility for the Legal Board and the position of station representative with the government was assigned to him. He now began a new phase of his missionary service. That he felt the responsibilities of his new tasks is evidenced in a letter written at the time: "The Station felt that I ought to look after political affairs as far as possible. It is important to have our own people settle their own disputes and the Legal Board will need the confidence that can be gained only by one of us taking part in it. I know a great deal will be done badly, especially in comparison with the past. A very large part of the work done by Dr. Cochran must stop. It was a special work due to his special influence. I don't think that College or Theological training has helped me much in these matters. Sometimes I think I should like to take up a course in reading Law."

He became a student of Persian law and acquainted with Oriental character and ways of thinking, and as conditions of life grew from bad to worse and Persian governmental authority became practically nil, he gained in power and leadership.

Opening a School for Moslem Boys. (Pages 94-95, 96, 100-101.)

During all of his missionary career, Mr. Shedd was engaged in educational work; after his father's death taking the place of leadership in theological teaching and much of the time in the College. He had served as superintendent of village schools and as member of the Educational Board of the Evangelical Church, so that his influence was felt in every department of the educational work.

Through all the history of the Mission in Urumia, efforts had been made to reach Mohammedans, but it was not until the fall of 1904 that the time was ripe for the opening of a school for Moslem boys. Mr. Shedd was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of this school, though other missionaries were associated with him.

The opening of the school was a great event; there had never

been anything like it in Urumia, and it rapidly increased in numbers and influence. Mr. Shedd was in charge and it was his purpose to make it a positive missionary force. He rejoiced in the opportunity it afforded him to form new friendships and to learn to use more freely the Turkish language, the common language of Urumia. He made many calls, especially in the homes of the boys, and found it hard, exacting work to get at anything beyond generalities and secularities. "For such work one needs to be *filled* even more than in more directly and ostensibly religious work," he wrote.

The boys, from six to eighteen, came from all classes of society, a considerable number from the families of the highest nobility, a larger number from families of lower rank who were rising in the social scale because of energy, and a few from poor families. The son of the nobleman, the merchant, the dervish, the son of a servant or day laborer, and sometimes even a young sayid, could be seen sitting side by side. . . .

The school was at first opened in a small yard near the City Compound, and later a fine property, containing three and a half acres within the city walls, was purchased. This property was known as "Sardari." After a few years, when the school was well established, it was united with the College under the name "American School." Mr. Shedd was largely responsible for this union of the Christian and Mohammedan educational work which proved a great blessing to the whole community, bringing Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans together in friendly relations on a basis of equality, teaching mutual appreciation and breaking down religious and racial barriers. . . .

The report of the year 1914, the completion of the tenth year of the Moslem educational work, and up to the time when our work was greatly interrupted by the World War, shows what has been accomplished. The closing exercises for the Syrian community were held in the Syrian language in a large tent at the College where the work had been in progress for thirty-five years. There was an audience of about a thousand from the intelligent Christian community which had grown up through the years.

The closing exercises for the Mohamemdans were held in the Turkish language at Sardari. The audience was representative, including a number of the principal nobles, among them being the brother of the Governor as his representative, a large number of landowners and merchants, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, Russians and other foreigners. In the evening there was a banquet to celebrate the tenth anniversary, planned by the Moslem alumni, at which eighty of the "old boys" of the school were present. Among

them were men from the Custom House, Post Office, Persian Cossack Brigade, merchants, school teachers and others. Some of the graduates were studying abroad in Switzerland, Paris and in the United States. The "old boys" were the best advertisement the school had.

Sheltering Christian Refugees. (Pages 141-142, 144-146, 152.)

With the Russian authority gone and the Persian government paralyzed, Dr. Shedd was the man to whom everybody looked for leadership. He accepted the responsibility thus thrust upon him and for the next five months became the advocate and protector of thousands of helpless people who had no one else to whom to look. Writing of that first day, he said, "I called on the *mujtahid,* the principal religious leader in the city, and on one or two others and urged them to take measures to secure the establishment of some sort of government to meet the difficult situation which confronted us. In the afternoon the chief men of the city got together to plan. They did not dare set up a new governor yet, though they were certain that the governor, who was a Russian partisan and instrument, would not stay. For three days I was in constant communication with the chief nobles and ecclesiastics. Urumia had an unusual number of high officials in title but there was neither unity nor efficiency in the lot, and it was impossible to get vigorous action for the protection of the city itself, while murder and robbery ruled in the villages without let or hindrance. It was no encouragement to be in the councils of the big men of the city. There was no unity, no resolution. . . .

By the morning of January 3, the people began pressing into our yards in crowds. The larger part of them had been stripped of everything but the few clothes on their backs. It was winter with snow and slush, the temperature often ten to twenty degrees (Fahr.) below freezing, and many suffered greatly on the road. We emptied all the school rooms and store rooms to get ready for the rush. The big study hall of Fiske Seminary was full of desks and not thought suitable for living quarters. Here fires were built and the shivering women and children brought in to get warm. They remained here for months and many of them were carried to their graves from that room. On the desks and under them, on the platform and in the aisles, they lived and sickened and died. The church filled up with mountaineers. The Press, administration building, boys' school at Sardari, college and hospital buildings all filled up. Still they came, first from the nearer villages,

then from the more distant ones, till every hall, washhouse, cellar and closet was packed full, not "lying-down" but sitting-up full.

In our own houses, in kitchens, dining rooms, parlors, hallways and bedrooms, were the relatives of the servants and our special friends. As the refugees continued to pour into our yards by the thousands and as our own buildings filled up, we took the surrounding yards, all of which belonged to Syrians, who were eager to connect their yards with ours by cutting holes through the walls, or by ladders where the walls were low. These yards were soon overflowing with the relatives and friends of the owners. Then we took houses across the street and farther out into the Christian quarters. Later we used the Nestorian Church, the Russian School, and the houses left vacant by Russians and native Christians when they fled with the army. The large English Mission adjoining our property was opened into ours and an American flag was placed over the gate. We had more than fifty properties occupied with refugees and these all had to be controlled and protected and most of them fed. During the first weeks there were fifteen thousand or more crowded into our own and adjoining yards. The people always referred to this siege as their "Captivity." . . .

When the troubles began, the total Christian population, including a thousand refugee families of mountaineers, was about thirty-three thousand. After the exodus to Russia, approximately twenty-five thousand remained. Of these, not more than a thousand families escaped being robbed of all their possessions and many of these were partially robbed. Over two hundred Christian girls and women were forced to become Moslems. Hundreds of women and girls were violated, about a thousand Christians were killed and four thousand died of disease. Thus twenty per cent. perished in five months.

Protected by the Stars and Stripes. (Pages 155-157.)

"We were not even as well off as castaways on a desert island," wrote Dr. Shedd, "for we had no assurance that the storm might not overwhelm the premises in which we lived. To change the figure, we had to steer our ship through unnumbered perils, some as hidden as the slinking submarine. Securing safety was not a problem of force but of diplomacy. We could to a limited extent urge our rights as foreigners, but we had no official status, and excepting when it suited their purpose, the Turks refused to recognize us as having the quasi-official position given us by the Persians. This came to a direct issue on the question of the use of the American flag.

"The Turkish officials made the demand first of the Persian Governor and then directly of me that all American flags be taken down, alleging that their use caused a feeling of insecurity and that we had no official right to use them. The Persian Governor maintained that we should keep the flag over our own premises and this was finally agreed to by all. We were able to keep the matter dragging along and not one of a score of American flags was taken down until security of life was restored by the Russians. Our street was dominated by the Stars and Stripes, and the sight was like a Fourth of July and a Lucknow siege. The flag was never so beautiful as during these months of peril, and I believe it was performing its true mission here as much as on the battlefields of the Republic. We claimed and maintained an unofficial but very valuable representative capacity for the whole Christian community and made use of every personal influence and every appeal to humanity and prudence."

The flags in evidence were symbolic of the anomalous situation. There were the Lion and the Sun representing nominal Persian authority, the Star and the Crescent representing Turkish military authority, the German flag of a few unofficial Germans, and the Green flag of the Holy War of Islam, which added the terror of fanatical and religious hatred to the horrors of most unholy and diabolical warfare. And there was our own beloved Stars and Stripes representing all that was highest and best in Christian civilization, affording protection and shelter to the helpless, lending hope to the desperate, and giving assurance of liberty to the captive.

Delivering Christian Girls. (Pages 165-166, 167-168.)

Said Dr. Shedd, telling of the rescue of women and girls: "Over two hundred girls and women were taken in order forcibly to convert them to Islam and marry them to Moslems. We secured the return of more than sixty besides those brought to us voluntarily. Some we paid money for, the highest price being thirty dollars. The Moslem law, as accepted in Persia, provides that in all cases of alleged conversion to Islam, there should be an opportunity for delay before the decision, and for public examination. We were unable to secure the delay, but we were able through the Persian Governor to have the girls brought in for examination and in a number of cases to secure their freedom. The Governor was very fair in his conduct of these cases, though we had to fee his subordinates pretty freely in order to get their cooperation. The

examination was usually before those who happened to be present at the Governor's and it was an ordeal for the girl. I found it very important to have the girl's relatives see them first in private, in order to assure them that their friends were really living and that there was safety. They had usually been told that all or nearly all their friends had been killed. In theory, a decision to accept Islam is irrevocable. Once when both girls involved were under fourteen, my protest at the irrevocable decision, involving separation from kindred and ancestral faith, being required of such children, was met by the stern reply from a Kurdish *mirza,* who, hawk-like, was watching the proceedings, that in Mohammedan law, the age of consent is nine years. . . .

"The most dramatic case was the first one at the Governor's. The town was full of Kurds and I made my way through masses of armed horsemen dressed in picturesque, bright-colored Kurdish clothes. Their rifles, of which they were very proud, and their cartridge belts, were on display, the latter strung across their chests. When I entered the Governor's room, it was full of Mangur Kurdish chiefs. I was given a seat above most of them, and as I sat there and heard and watched these men, talking and drinking tea with them myself, it seemed like a strange dream. The Mangur Kurds are a curiosity anyhow, many of them looking like savage, old-time Teutons. Their chief, Bayiz Pasha, was a big man, fair and blue-eyed. Possibly they are relics of some stranded Teutonic tribe, or of captives taken in the Crusades. They had come, expecting to kill all the Christians, and I knew it. The talk, as we sat there, was of how they were going to Tiflis to take the Caucasus.

"After a while they left, and the girl was brought in with the Moslem who had taken her off and forced on her a marriage. When she told how she had been taken and kept by force, though she hardly dared to tell the truth, even with me there, the Governor told her she was free, and ordered the man to be tied up and bastinadoed. He was a neighbor and she had fled to his house for refuge. As we went out of the yard, the girl was tremblingly praising God, scarcely believing that she was free. The man was howling with pain under the blows on the soles of his feet as he lay on his back. The Persians and Kurds stood around, staring in amazement. It was a precedent of great value and a courageous act by a cautious but humane Moslem Governor. It was also an act of Providence, and when I went home that night and told the story, was it any wonder that I added that I had been with Daniel in the den of lions?"

Feeding the Multitudes. (Pages 174-175.)

With the exception of the city people, the refugees, who crowded our compounds, came empty-handed and as we heard the command, "Give ye them to eat," like the disciples of old, we replied, "Whence, Lord, should we have so much bread as to fill so great a multitude?" If we had realized then that the feeding would continue many months, while we were cut off from the outside world and the source of our money supply, we would have declared it impossible. But as the days went by with their increasing demands, the loaves were multiplied. With nothing but borrowed funds, no word from America, the city drained of cash by the Turks, we felt that we could give but one loaf of about ten and a half ounces to each needy person daily. Many were able to supplement it with something else and so got along. Fortunately the crops had been abundant and wheat was cheap. While there were few who died from starvation, hundreds, weakened by insufficient and improper food, were unable to resist disease, and were soon carried to the terrible trenches in Mart Maryam's (St. Mary's) graveyard.

After the people were scattered into the adjacent sections, we made distribution to more than two hundred yards and buildings outside our premises. The largest number that we fed at any one time was about fifteen thousand. During the month of March the average amount of bread distributed daily was over six tons and all was brought in on the backs of *hammals,* or porters. Many refugees were able to feed themselves during the whole time and others had small sums of money which they used as long as it lasted. There was a demand for tea and a few staples, and since the refugees could not leave our yards to make purchases, licenses were sold to a few men permitting them to sell tea and some necessities in the yards. We had a tea stand and used the proceeds of sales and licenses for giving tea, eggs and milk to the sick. The first three months, over a thousand dollars was cleared in this way and five or six hundred sick people benefited by it for several weeks. Later the refugees had less money to spend. We tried to induce the Moslem village masters to provide for their tenants whom we were feeding, but little came of it.

Shepherding the People in their Flight. (Pages 225, 258-259, 266-267.)

The long dreaded disaster was precipitated July 31. On the afternoon of the previous day word came that the movement had begun *en masse.* As we still hoped to hold on, Dr. Shedd and Mar

Shimon went out to try to stop it, knowing that just as soon as the news of the flight spread the Christians would be at the mercy of their enemies. Their efforts were in vain; the Armenians and mountain Syrians who were refugees anyway, were on the move, and it was impossible for the Urumia Christians to remain alone. . . .

The first day there were numerous little bridges made of sticks and earth, over which quilts were thrown to make them passable for carts. The jam at the bridges was indescribable confusion; every kind of vehicle, ox-carts, buffalo-wagons, *troikas* or springless wagons, *furgans* like prairie shooners, hay wagons, phaetons, and Red Cross carts, remnants of the Russian hospital, and many others invented for the occasion. There were herds of thousands of sheep and goats driven along for the first few days, and donkeys, horses, buffaloes, oxen, cows with their calves, and mules. All gave a fine opportunity for observing their good and bad points as beasts of burden. By evening we found ourselves in a long line of vehicles between two walls, in a road approaching a narrow Russian-built bridge aross the Baranduz River, 16 miles from the city. It grew dark and we could not cross until the moon came up shortly after midnight.

Each kept his place in the line and we lay down in the bottom of our cart and tried to sleep, without success. At two we crossed the river and when we reached the foot of the mountain, stopped to make tea with the samovar before starting up. Along the road were scattered samovars, kettles, carpets and bedding, which were being thrown away to lighten the loads. At the top of the pass was a dying baby. We covered it over to protect it from the sun and passed on. On the descent were a number of bodies of those who had given out. . . .

We had been under fire nearly all day. Dr. Shedd was exhausted; he had eaten practically nothing, having left his breakfast without a bite. We had hardly thought of food all day. Yet he was glad in the thought that in the morning we would at last reach the British and he could throw off his crushing burden of responsibility for the safety and for the sins of the people. We found a quiet place near a threshing floor to camp, and through the kindness of Syrian friends, had a bowl of hot food that night. Dr. Shedd refused to eat all his portion, for near by was one of his students who, with a band of six or eight boys, had fought bravely all day, and he must share the best there was.

We were up before light, drank a little coffee and were soon on the road. We reached Sain Kala about nine o'clock and walked out to the British camp where we were cordially received by Major

Moore and Captain George S. Reed. The latter was an old acquaintance, having been connected with the Mission of the Archbishop of Canterbury in Urumia a few years before. My husband was so elated; there was a ring in his voice, a light in his eye, a buoyancy in his step that I had not seen for months, and I thought our worst troubles were past.

His Death from Cholera. (Pages 268-270.)

An hour or two after our arrival in the British camp, Dr. Shedd complained of feeling ill and as the tent was very hot, I made a place for him to lie down in the cart, which, being open at both ends, was cooler than the tent. As he grew worse, the baggage was taken out and we made him as comfortable as possible on the floor. The British doctor was out with the cavalry, but Dr. Jesse Yonan of Urumia was there, and fearing cholera, we gave him calomel. Late in the afternoon the British camp was moved to the shelter of the hills. We started out while it was still light, that he might not be jolted on the bad roads, expecting to follow the camp loads. Dr. Yonan and other Syrian friends came along with us on horseback. Darkness came down quickly; my husband needed all my attention and I did not watch the road. After what seemed like hours of stumbling along in the dark, we found ourselves in a gully. We had passed the British camp; the roads were too unsafe and rough to return; there was nothing to do but remain there until morning. Only a few drops of oil were left in the lantern. I lighted it and saw that my husband was very ill indeed. Two of the men went back over the dangerous road for the doctor. Hour after hour I crouched beside my husband in the cart, trying to ease the pain when the convulsions came. We made coffee at the blaze, for there was no other nourishment to give. As he grew weaker and weaker, a terrible fear tugged at my heart, but it was impossible even to think it. He had not spoken for a long time, but when the doctor reached us about midnight, he whispered faintly, "I never was so tired in all my life." After a hypodermic injection, he did not regain consciousness. The doctor returned to the camp, telling us to wait for him in the morning.

Fifty thousand terror-stricken fugitives had passed on, a baby wailed all night nearby, the desolate, rocky mountain loomed above us, darkness was all about us, and it seemed that no prayer could pierce that terrible gloom. When the revealing light came, I could see the awful change in his face, but I would not believe that he was leaving me. We heard fighting behind and knew the British were attacked. We dared not wait, so in his dying hour, he was jolted over the stony trail.

In an hour or two, Dr. Featherstonhaugh and Captain Reed caught up to us. The doctor pronounced the disease cholera. A few short, sharp breaths, and I was alone. A little farther on, with a small adz and fingers, they dug a shallow grave, and with the canvas from the cart for a shroud, we laid him there. Dr. Yonan read the burial service and a cross was cut on the rock beside the grave. It seemed impossible to go off and leave him there in that unfriendly land, but there could be no tarrying. Leaving the carts and most of the stuff, we mounted the horses and followed the fugitives.

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